

An Account of Last Sundays Engagement

BETWEEN

His Majesty's, and the Prince of *Orange's* Forces,
in the Road between *Reading* and *Maidenhead*,
amongst which, its said. a Blue-Garter fell.
With a True Account of some Occurrences at *Portsmouth*.

The Account from Maidenhead, is as followeth,

THe Engagement that happen'd between His Majesty's Forces, Quarter'd at *Reading*, and the Prince of *Orange's* Vanguard (then passing thro' the Town) is variously Reported: But, according to the most credible Information, is Thus: That the Princes Army was there, and Quarter'd in the Town, is undeniable; and that *Reading-Coach* on *Saturday* arriv'd, and allighted their Passengers, Five Miles off this side the Town, not adventuring to go any further.

The same Night the King's Forces withdrew from the Town, forming themselves into a Body, put themselves in a posture of Defence. On *Sunday* Morning, they were Assaulted by the *Dutch* Forces; where there was a hot Skirmish, and several Kill'd on both Sides. The Relation is differently Discours'd of; some advancing the Loss on one Side to Thousands, with unproportionable Loss on the other. The most probable Account is of those that came to the Markets of *London*; who relate, That they found several Persons, as well as Horses, lying Dead upon the Road, (they say) to the Number of 200. Amongst these, it's Reported, was found a *Blue Garter*; but of this, we will give a fuller Account in our next.

The Account from Portsmouth, viz.

THe Summ of 8000 Pounds being sent to this Town, under a strong Conduct, for the Paying of the Army, begot no small Joy in the Hearts of the Soldiers; when, contrary to their Expectation, the next Morning it was distributed amongst the Seamen and Officers of the Navy, then Riding in that Road, under the Command of the Right Honourable the Lord *Dartmouth*. This, as it had Animated the One, Dejected the other Party. By Night the *Tarpolins*, Inspir'd with the Juice of the *Punch-Bowl* and *Bottle*, came scouring about the Town, singing Catches, and Drinking the King's Health: But what occasioned all the Disturbance, was a Mariner, more out of Meriment than design of Affront, Sung aloud in the Streets the new *Irish* Song, known by the Name of *Lilli-Bolero*; some *Dear-Joys*, affronted at the National reflection, but more perhaps for the want of their Pay, drew out their Bionets, with which running him into the Heart, spoil'd his Singing for ever after. This loss of so eminent a Swabber, gave Alarm to the whole Fleet, who gathering together in great Numbers, soon Reveng'd the Death of their Brother, by a merciless Slaughter of the *Dear-Joys*. The Lord *Dover*, Governor of the Town, having notice of this unhappy Tumult, apply'd himself with all Expedition and Zeal to prevent any further Mischief. But all his Arguments cou'd not prevail, till the Right Honourable the Lord *Dartmouth* came a Shore, to Interpose between them. He us'd all persuasive Arguments to Reconcile the Difference. He beg'd them, in the Name of the King, as they tender'd the safety of His Person, their Loyalty, or what else they counted dear, to cease from any further Outrages on either side. But they still persisted in their Violence, demanding the Persons who were the first occasion of this Tumult. He promis'd on the Word of a Peer, to see it done, which pacified for the present. In this conjuncture the Prince of *Wales* goes safe to Town. But the Lord *Dover* not making good the Promise, the Town is since Blockt up, if not by this time Surrender'd.